

serving as the sole but a curiously effective contact with the outer contemporaneous world of which they see nothing else. In the last ten years dress and all the habits of social greeting have changed and I am asked in the same breath if I know Dr Carrel personally and if I happen to know Tom Mix, or Dustin Farnum, or Mary Pickford. They look on the American Army as its fondest jingoistic admirer would not dream of doing-- they think the Estados Unidos are always worth watching, with admiration ready to flow, like the saliva of Pawlow's dogs--before it is justified. Some day the date of the first moving picture will be given place with Guttenburgs work as a factor in education.

There is one place here where work of the very best sort is being done and that is the Institute at Butantan, where Dr Vital Brazil has worked out serums for the poisonous snakes of Brazil with remarkable success, and now is receiving very satisfactory public support. If the full details of this would interest you, or if you have any friends who would like a full report of the technique I could send gladly a copy of the report of the process in French.

The work of the Commission here has resulted in an increased interest on the part of the Government in various problems of public administration of sanitation, and now their reports are published along side of ours every month in the newspapers. Mr Morgan the U.S. Ambassador says that the Commission is the only American organization that has not as yet gotten into trouble in Brazil!

Perhaps we will have a chance to continue our 10,000 treatments a month for a little while longer !

I am writing this on a crazy little river boat on the Ig-uassu river trying to take 800 sacks of herba matte up a shallow and tortuous stream from Sao Matheus where we have just finished a survey, to Poarte Amazonas and later Ponta Grossa, where perhaps I shall find some mail from the States--a thing that is like roast beef and ~~xxx~~ mush-rooms to a hungry man. Lord, A delicacy !

Now that you know the general outlines of what I am doing it will not be hard to drop you a line with less of formal descrip-

tion and more of what is going on from day to day under the
 sky that sports the Southern Cross, the Centaur and a
 Moon that rises and sets with a brilliance and a speed
 that makes me forgive the theatre for all its dash
 and vigor in this particular.

With the very best of remembrances and I think
 from all I know now of Brazilian postoffices, the
 very best of Christmas



In Campo de Tenente

Polak Family in Sao Matheus



August 21st 1919.

Dear Mr. Miller:

Amid the thousands of letters with a more familiar post-mark than this one I thought you'd be amused to have some mail from a young Brazilian friend. He opens with a politeness characteristic of the country and hopes that ^{the} hurried departure from U.S. battleship without saying goodbye to lady who made stay in Rio more pleasant than otherwise would have been, will be as excused as it was justified. Just got to train in time to have a five-milreis squabble with the porter--- and that is as late as you can economically be to a train, here no Brazil.

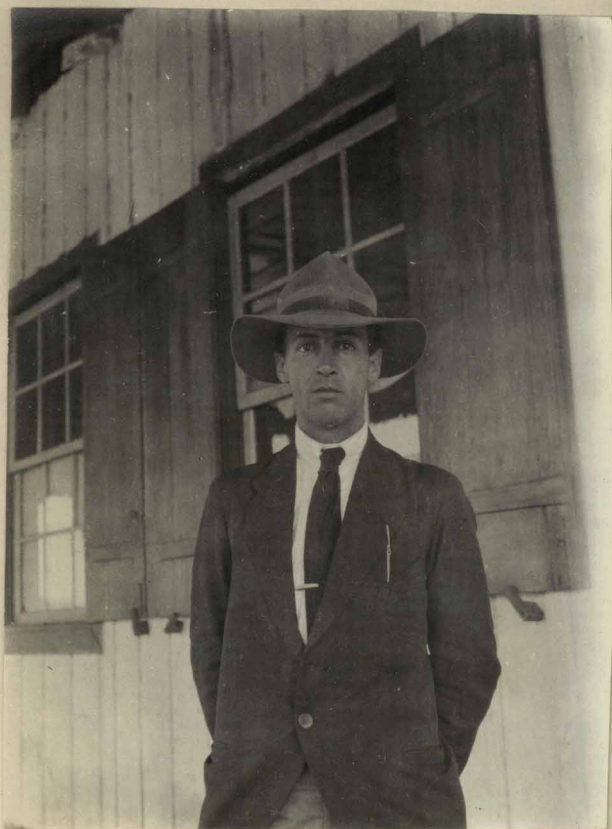
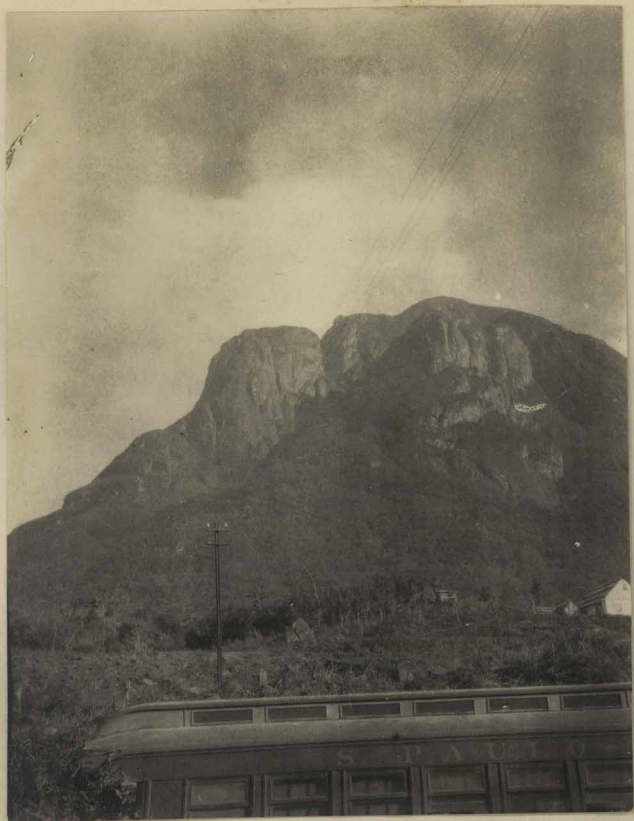
Today was a scream. We asked the Prefect of Lapa to give us a horse to go out to the colony outside town. He came across with a swell barouche drawn by four scrawny but unquestionably spirited or pighheaded bays, with thousands of sleigh bells everywhere about them--- and depois almoco with the whole village salaaming reverently a guarda and I set to the colony about six miles out of town. The road was the sort that keeps you apologising for innocent violence the whole time, and when we arrived I was glad to look the driver in the eye and memorise what that sort of a driver is apt to look like. He kept giving the horses the right of self-determination and the fore pair never looked at a cross-roads in the same way that the hind pair did--- I jumped out and had to hold the municipal barouche from going over the edge of a hill, because the driver couldn't get enough unanimity in the team at the last minute.

The colonists are Italians, really splendid looking peasants but they have had nothing much better to copy than the local customs, and the result is a little sad. The main room of the kitchen is nearly always a mud floor around an open fire built on a raised platform---no suggestion of a chimney. The entire colony of forty or more houses has been built without any sawed wood at all and the effect of the

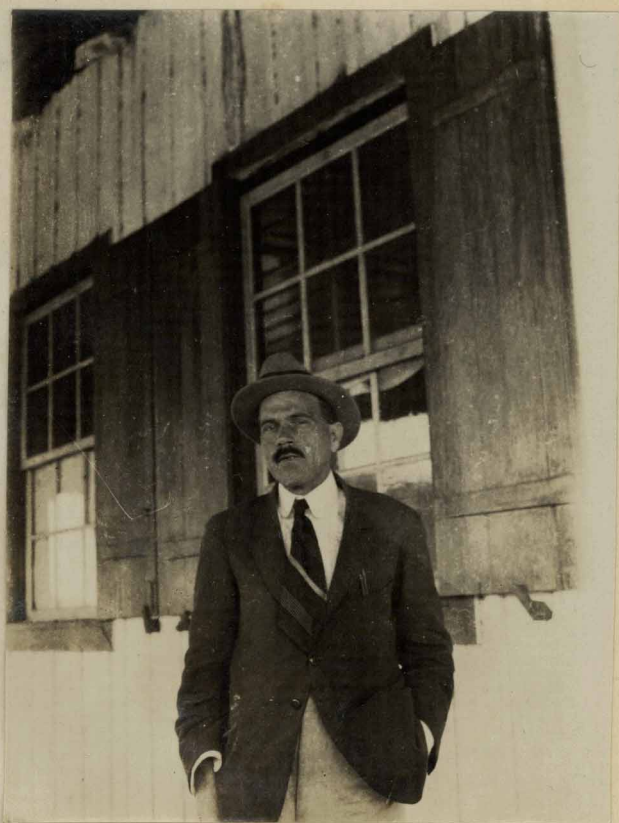
constant thick smoke on these huge slabs of the rough wood makes really a very handsome though dirty house interior. I don't think that in one afternoon I have ever seen so many kindly faces as today-- they were all so cheerful and pleasant and agreeable, and told us all their troubles in the simplest and cheer-fullest way. We would examine the whole family from the Pai on down to the pequeno, all of them tall pink-cheeked Italians and smiling and laughing the whole time.

This is the country for you. High rolling hills, no life that is not on horseback. Frost on my bed in the morning, to the horror of my crew who think that to sleep out under a fine little orange tree on a cold starlit night is the height of insanity. Verdade it is cold here. I have had to buy a local comforter which makes a good bedding roll even if it is lavender on the outside. Yesterday they had a horserace out near the church and it is a very picturesque costume, the long fine woolen poncho that the horsemen wear here. The horses are good too-- in fact this is no more like the rest of what I've seen than Montana or New Mexico is like Palm Beach. It is a country of pine trees and clean cool fresh skies and I like it. There is about a 5% infection here in Lapa---so I expect I shall never see this town again.

Much obliged for the forwarding of all the stuff; my address will continue to be Caixa 295 while out in the interior of this bon little state, whose capital is my home--and if ever a word deserved " " marks that word home is the word isn't it?



Silveira



Machado



Church Lape



Horse race
Lape

August 19

To-night I have been down at the Station Agent's, Mr T^m Tamplin's house, first talking at some length with his Brazilian wife about the habits and customs here in this country and later going over Tamplins siter-in law to find a full blown Tb. process in her right upper lobe. They were rather amazed at the fulness of the examination, which was good fun merely for the practice it recalled.

The women here nurse their children up to ~~xxxx~~ two years of age; seldom leaving off before the third month and it is very rare to find a case of undernourishment among the infants. In cases where they wish to wean the baby an early start is made by squeezing beans up and cramming them into the kids mouth almost from the start and going on to a gruel made of flour or milho which is I think a rough native flour. It is admitted that this is hard for the baby but it is practiced philosophically and some seem to survive.

Tamplin's father was a feather merchant in England who lost through illhealth a successful business in London. He happened to go the Brazilian consulate in London when he was hard pressed for a new chance and seeing there the alluring posters of life in the colonies of Brazil, he sold the family plate and all but a fine harmonium bought at the Paris exposition in 1853, which he brought to Curityba for his wife to have in the new land. The President of the Province of Barana when he saw it was so keen to have it that he offered 100 pounds on the spot to Mr T senior for it as he wished the Church in the Capitol to possess the first Harmonium ever seen or heard in the Province. But Mrs T felt so badly to lose it that her husband refused to sell it. This angered the President so much that when with endless trials they finally got to the colony in the matte near Serro Azul they found that the Local

head of the Colony there had orders to send that Ingleze Tamplin into the matte itself. So Tamplin, his wife who had had in London most of the ordinary luxuries, and five children, were dragged up into the bush to a place where the only clearing was around their hut, and where they used sheets and old opera-cloaks to keep out the rain and where Tamplin's mother's bed was a pile of banana leaves, and their only food beans and cane sugar! Mr T. died there of heart disease and Tamplin worked in the bush for eight years till he was twenty four. At that time his mother happened to have made some sketches of insects and especially butterflies, which she sent as a mere keepsake to the British consul in Rio whom she had a debt of gratitude to. A Brazilian official happened to see these and in his admiration for them arranged that she be brought out of the matte to Curityba to do a set for the Government: that is the only way that the family ever saw the light of day again. He told me this looking in an odd way at his hands and saying from time to time "What they have seen!" Which is probably true.

Tonight I heard the frogs that cry like babies and of course I went way out of my road to rescue the kids that were lost. Such a funny noise, for to be coming from a ditch full of nothing but frogs.

We are off to Campos de Tenente tomorrow, where I suppose Remigio is saying "Mas eu digo com franqueza"--- Of this leaving I do not think the Brazilian line is particularly true:

o que é
Quem inventou a partida
Nao sabei ~~da~~ Amor
Quem parte parte chorando
Quem fica morreu de dor.

Boini's Version

Quem inventou a partida
Nao sabei ~~be~~ querer bem
Quem parte parte chorando
Quem fica perdeu o trou.

August

Here it is the very end of August and I have finished the inspection of two more towns, Campo de Tenente and Rio Negro with but little to show for it all in the way of letters to the North.

Campo de Tenente was an informal little place, largely German, and devoted to a box factory of Snr. Henrique Stahlke and consisting of lovely flat topped pinhão trees stuck casually about some scattered houses, with geese and endless mule trains and stray horses drifting through the lanes. There were also some cedars of a new sort-- the most lovely I have ever seen, because the cold touches their tips with a deep purply red, and only the depths of the foliage is green, the rest is all a gentle mixture of the softest reds and browns and greens. Sprigs of this are going North if it can be done.

One evening as I was trying to do accounts I heard a most unpleasant humming noise-- just the noise that a year ago used to mean Fritz coming ^{by} to the Hospital ^{on} for a raid. Just the same noise---- I was astonished and started out to see what in the world it was. There wasnt any firing of course and it suddenly came to me that it was only the saw-mill of Snr, Stahlke --instead of the Mercedes of Herr Stahlke! Gosh that's a bit of a change for one year's time.

We left Campo on the 27th having examined 375 people in five days and finding 144 of them with hookworm. Twas a bon little town and Stahlke was very helpful and jovial---- but I am sorry to say I cant fall for all of the German joviality as yet.

But when we got into the train I found Dr Araujo with a suit- case nearly full of magazines and some letters tambem and here it is that my letter really begins for I have been so long on the trail that I'd almost forgotten what other people were aware of my existence--having May as the last date to go by. I was simply delighted and mail does look good you know, at times. I had Scientific Americans, and The Nation (Eng.) numerous Christian Science Monitors (the best paper

most ways that I know), some copies of Science and some medical journals and as a finale Sytem and Poetry (separate magazines if you understand me rightly). Perfectly happy. Opened a typewritten letter first out of curiosity and was rewarded to find that it was yours, and ~~was~~ delighted to learn that the Trotter book had not gone wide of the mark--- I'd agree that the conclusions are too anxiously drawn. I think no book by an intelligent man should be gotten ~~at~~ out without a simple statement of what he'd like to believe on the subject at hand as a preface --" Where the treasure is there is the heart also".

I have the system of reading (I really never did anything systematically in my life except toothbrushing) ^x one newspaper each evening; to make things last and to give a sense of progress to the week. But I cant be so selfcontrolled on letters and whacked 'em all open at once, including one I shouldnt have opened to one of my men from his Brazilian enamorada, and before I knew it I was well into the heart of a very hearty Portuguese sonnet--- and I couldnt think who in the world in the U.S. knew me and Portuguese well enough to be writing such a load!

It is a curious thing isn't it how quickly you can fall out of one existence into another? Already here I begin to feel that so much has happened to make a big distance even bigger that I am not writing to people because it seems somehow necessary to give an introduction to a sudden onslaught delivered from so strange a place as Brazil. Please advise (as they say in commercial circles) me if you get bored by tribute from a wild and distant state-- and at times from a wild and distant ditto of mind --- you are the only person I have seen yet who can maintain a mental EXISTENCE without going in for absurd generalities and theories whose purity is stifled by their falseness and their deadly boredom. Not a light sentence---but the idea is that I dont find many who can endure a good Christian and yet feel the pleasant charm together with the di-
*x and you have can't stick to one
'dentifrice'*

verting buncombe of Greenwich Village, (which I'd defend to any Ladies Home Journal mind with more loyalty than hope of success). Perhaps a queer petition this --but I had nearly thought you hull down over the horizon until your letter came. I'll burble on and the Brazilians and Burleson will get half ---dont curse Mr Burleson, like the cornet soloist he may be doing the best he can.

I enclose an interesting description of a man. You dont find many like that---and frequently the few that do exist fail recognition in either sense of the word. There are not many things more all outdoors than such absence of cant and inherited prejudices; I know of nothing more desirable in friends or acquaintances. I think I will get me the book.

I have much chance to wear out prejudice here in Brazil, but there come times when the longing for mine own and all that that means, comes very strong. They have a different set of values here. Promptness, energy, cooperation, impersonal kindness, disinterested gentility especially toward women, prodigality of effort and insistence on efficient methods, silent ~~in~~ self-effacing service, spontaneity of wit or originality of mind find less value here than at home. Here more "homenagem" goes to tribe loyalty, ability to express verbally friendship, felicitations, tribe good-will, and amity-with - a-string , and to the recognition of natural beauty, and the maintainance of undisciplined personal identity and self-respect. More perfume and jewels among the men. I have made no railroad journeys without an escort to and from the station. Slapping a man in rage is an insufferable insult to his dignity. And I have seen three grown men rush to the window to exclaim "Que ^{com} bonita! Ah Doutor como linda essa sabia!" at the sight of a gray green robin in the orange tree. The men are the only ones to have anything approaching intellectual independence and ~~in~~ ^{by} this, friends. To the women I think life must be very dreary--- their faces have a powdered stolidity that

is not a very high tribute to their men. I have often wondered why the husbands of beautiful women, instead of being the objects of shallow praise for having made such a catch, are not more often complimented for the beauty or spirit of their wives long after the catch was caught. As it seems that would be a rare thing in Brazil.

I am now in the funniest little boat you ever saw being stared at by some rustics to whom this is an extraordinary scene. We are going down to Sao Matheus, the boat ordinarily takes loads of matte up from down river, and the green powder lies all over the deck. I shall have the most interesting time--- birds I have never seen before and types of scenery too. A fourteen hours trip for \$2.00 with jerked beef and the local beans to eat. A dirty looking place to be sure but we shall simply fit out our camp beds where the matte is usually and have really a delightfully cool and pleasant night of it. It is very hot now, but this part of Brazil gets cool by night and the Christian Science Monitor has just provided me with a map of the Southern Heavens which the pleasant clear weather will make good fun to study. I had a lot of fun on the boat down; in the Tropics you get a "close-up" on them all and the stars are even more worth while than ever.

I wish the pictures that are stored in my camera could accompany but Rio de Janeiro is the nearest place for decent development and that takes about a month from here. The answer is mais tarde which is local for later on --- a frequent expression of the human spirit as it has its being here. It is not fair to say lives and moves and has its being---it cant do all thatk in one day: mais tarde.

Good Luck and cheerio

A. G.

P.S. I am not a medical missionary no more'n yourea social worker.

Lastnight we had a big party here -- a baile of which the invitation runs

EXMO, SNR.

A commissao abaixo assignada convida V.Se Exma. familia para assisterem ao baile que se realisara na noite de sabbado 6 de corrente, nos saloes do Club "IDEAL", offerecido aos dignos noivos Snr Gilberto de Paula Leal e Senhorita Elvira Polati em regosjioso de seu enlace matrimonial.

Dr Paulo Foretes Pedro G dos Santos

Theophilo Sabbag Jose Portes

Jose A. Wolff

No dia seguinte havera baile infantil das 4 horas em diante.

The Commissao Rokafell' was invited and it was certainly worth going to. They had a band like nothing on earth and the room of the clooby was filled with beautiful and fearful looking mocas who when I arrived were walking round and round with a fella supporting them, making sort of a grand circle in the center of the room---because as I found out it was a social error to sit down with a moça (the local for young lady) especially in the chair absolutely next to her! They have a system that should be copied everywhere---you walk round and round until you find a seat and then you leave her--just leave her that's all!

I had an amusing time. They dance the onestep here already but they dance it at arms length and the sensation of dancing anything is lost. More like gymnasium exercises where you try to follow the instructor everytime he moves--but youre always a little bit late. In the middle of the festivities suddenly a youth stepped forward and began to talk in a loud voice to the bridegroom who was standing rigid and miserable under the gaze of all--- the saudacoes was a fearfully flowery affair in Portuguese of the orators school, all about how splendid an idea marriage was and how we are indebted to our direct forefathers the Romans for all that it means to us and ending up with the usual good wishes very heavily expressed. The sort of thing you did when

at seventeen your bosom friend got married and you
tried to write a serious letter adequate to the situation.

I am a bit disanimated to-day---low in the mind to be
less Brazilian--- because we stayed on to treat the Poles
after they had come out from church, admonished and advised
by the Padre, but only about seventy have come. Two hundred
is what we wanted, and we never would be wasting these three
days if we had known that they're only going to yield this
tiny crop. This morning up till 12 o'clock I was a surgeon
working with Dr Paulo Fortes over a little Polish lad whose
right fibula and tibia received a compound fracture 20 days
ago out in the matte. We made a window splint and got some
traction fairly well applied after an interminable time
spent in cleaning the wound up--Dr P.F. had let the thing
drift on from bad to worse. He had nothing prepared and no
idea of what was going to happen next. There was so little
surgeons plaster left in town that now that they have just
told me the traction has come off I am not surprised-- but
here what the devil to do next. When the last ten inches
has gone by the boards? Luckily the little boy is not in
any pain. Gosh what a lot of work there is for anyone who
wants primarily to practice medicine and surgery and second-
arily to belong to a club, raise a family and stick to the
standards that he has quietly absorbed all his life as the
thing to do, city life etc etc.

There are some interesting forms of leaves and flowers
here, a tree that has a heart-shaped center quite black with
white wood around it, call ~~xxx~~ coracao do preto or negroes
heart. Here is a leaf I got on the Iguassu coming down here.
I've had no dinner and hence my spirit is not strong for
litrachoor but cheery Oh --as the Tommies letters used to
finish.

The next night I rode out to the fazenda of Major Infante Viera on a bully horse he provided for me and spending the night there started treatments early the next morning begin-



Mother 32 8 yrs 16 yrs

ing with this family, whose son and heir is 16 and his sister 6. That shows what H* can do. The entire colony of workers had hookworm, it was our first group of 100% established infection, and I used up all my chenopodium treating them. After the treatments were over I went over the estate with the Major and I have never seen coffee as fertile and promising looking.

His opinions of Americans were that they talked and bluffed a good deal but their chief virtue was that when they made up their mind to have something they stuck to it until they got it. I was interested to see in his bed room library "A Forca de Vontade" by Samuel Smiles.

Saturday and Sunday went in treatments and in routine wormcounts in the pouring rain, so that by Monday I was more than ready to get out. Again we had a pouring rain, so we put off going at 10 o'clock exactly to favor the driver of the trolley. Characteristically enough he called up about two to say that he couldn't go that day for the price agreed upon but would only be able to go for 20 mil more. I went right up to his barn and took his name down in a notebook for effect, and, being thoroughly fed up with such behaviour indulged what Cannon calls "10 minutes fury" with him because he wouldn't understand our cold northern scorn. He came back to his original price but if it had rained heavily before it was nothing to what began just as we were leaving the hotel in an uncovered buckboard. The road out of the

town of Jacarezinho was nothing but a mill-race of red mud on a very steep hill and of course the nigh mule upon being unmercifully beaten kicked the harness into ribbons and lay in the slippery mud and water while my banker friend told me it was impossible to get out to the R.R. that day, and was arranging to have his luggage left by the roadside and return to the hotel. After we got the mule up and to the top of the hill he changed his mind and we finished by being in Ourinhos much ahead of time and very wet indeed, but glad of the chance to get the train the next morning at 3:40.

All that next day and the day following was on the train and finally when we got to Curitiba I was delighted to find a lot of letters and to see all my stuff in the trunks I had left there in August 4 just as they were left. It was nice too to talk a bit of English to a Scotchman named Machattie, at the London and River Plate Bank. When he introduced me to the manager I forgot what to say in English and started "Muito prazer de conhecê-lo" quite naturally---which made me feel ridiculous, as he looked rather askance.

The next day I started on a flying trip to Serro Azul but on arriving at Rio Branco found a thirty or forty kilometer journey in a doubtful diligencia and no satisfactory assurance of cooperation from the Prefeito, whom I met, so we returned to Curitiba and the second day after that we went down to Paranaguá and caught the boat for this next field of labor, the State of Santa Catarina. The boat served to remind me what a backwoods sort of life I have been up to recently and I was filled with SAUDADES of the U.S. and my trip down to Rio. Saudades means a cross between memories of a pleasant and close sort and homesickness and is a word the Brazilians are very jealous of-- they say there is no translation for it.

In many ways this Sao Mattheus is the most interesting place we have seen yet. The trip down the river was by night and finished by day in a rain that was too heavy to allow taking pictures. At night we sat--- my Italian guarda and I out in the prow of the boat watching the winding black river overhung with moss-laden trees down which we slid and sidled. He has a pleasant tenor voice and gladly sang whole pages of his favorite opera to me --Pagliacchi, interrupted occasionally by the boat crashing into the bank on a badly steered curve. Once we stopped for wood which the caboclos with streaming gunny-sacks over their heads carried down from a tiny clearing in the dense matto. And once for three sacks of oranges which three ruffians brought to the boats edge from more perfectly black matto. With earrings and red scarfs over their heads, rough beards animal eyes and a large facao or bowie knife stuck in their belts they were worth sitting up for. Then we went to bed--- the center of the boat was free from its ordinary load of matto and it was easy to set up our nice clean American camping beds and sleep under netting in peace and uninterrupted isolation.

Sao Mattheus proved to be a wild backwoods town cut out of the matto; the Prefeito did not seem very excited to see us but let us have the Camara Municipal without more adieu and said that he would arrange a man to come and transport the beds and equipment from the wharf to the Camara. After waiting two hours in the rain I began to fume and we got a man on our own hook who hauled the stuff for us.

I sent Bonini and Miragaya out to a store and to the post-office with microscopes and some specimens that showed active and convincing worms and again the next day similar propaganda but with but little result. Visits to the Polish colonies were very discouraging too, because the people seemed to be very suspicious and we were getting almost no-one to examine. Most of the Poles though though there has been a colony here for 27 years cannot yet speak Portuguese and naturally that

made it hard ---Deodoro Silveira came back furious that there should be people in Brazil so long and yet not know the linda lingua, the beautiful language of Portuguese.

The night of the second day we had our conferencia and 130 were there at first curious, then dumb-founded and incredulous and at last keen for an examination. Poor devils they have never had anything from the hand of strangers that did not cost something in the end and naturally they don't see why an American millionaire should be doing any such thing. I am tempted to tell them that he is doing it as a matter of penance, which would make it all instantly comprehensible to them --- and I wonder how far I'd be off.

Not till today did I discover why they have been so slow here. The Poles have circulated a rumor that I am a representative of the American Army that there is going to be another war in the U.S. and that we are getting the names and ages of possible conscripts---taking the names of the women and children is only a blind to fool people with. We went to the Padre who rules with a rod of iron-- he will instruct them tomorrow which is Sunday that they are to be examined and in the conferencia after church I am going to get a Pole to explain to all the people what we are doing. I was interested to have the Polish teacher say "Why the Rockefeller Commission was in Poland too during the war!" which was the job Reggie Foster did after his fiancée shot herself and he couldn't stick it in America any longer. His work is helping me.

Of what happens at church I'll tell you later